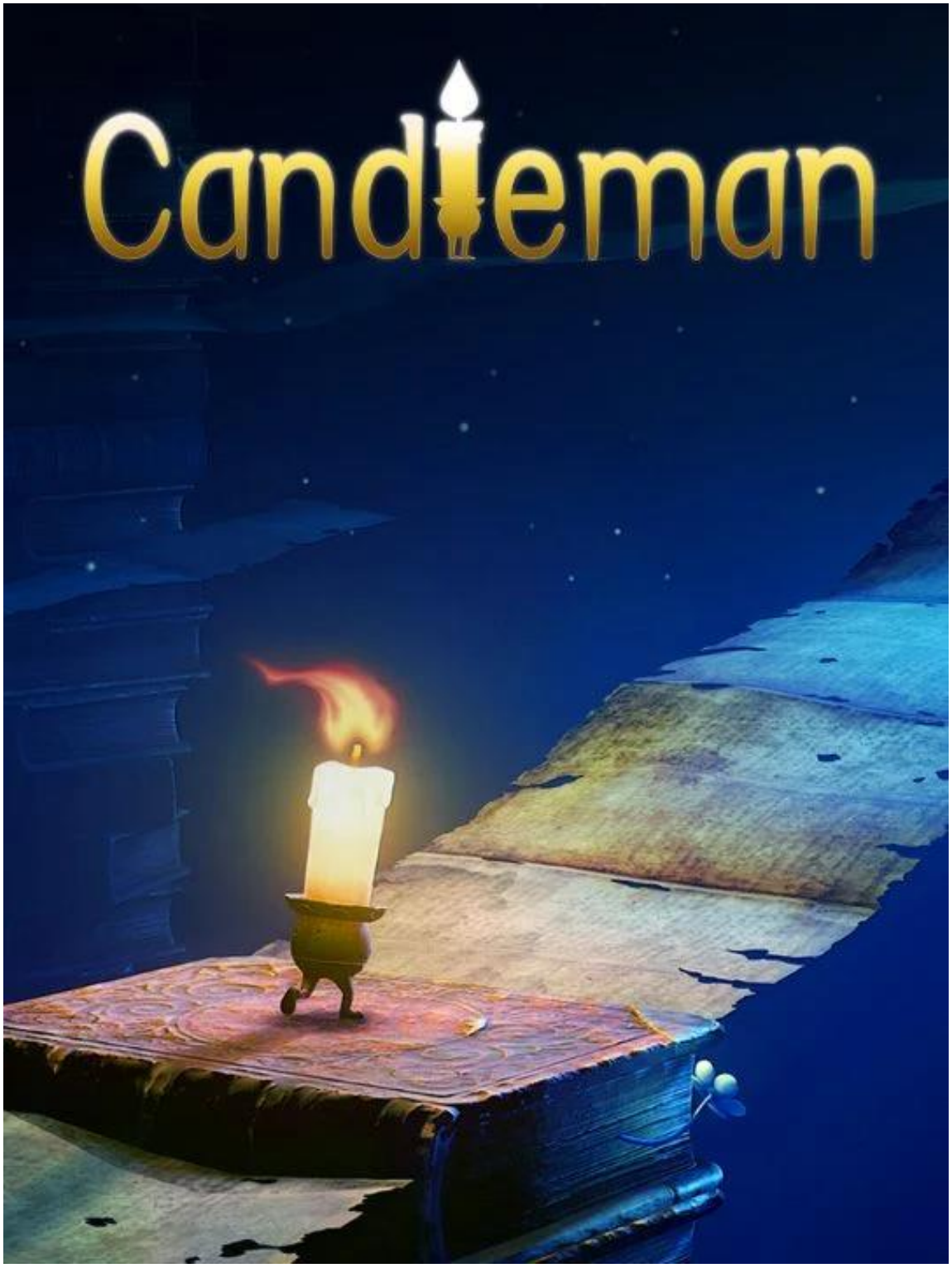

Adapted by Mr.Goatfarmer. Original game by spotlightor interactive.

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Disclaimer

This book was made because I thought it might be interesting to see what a short story adaptation of this game may look like. No money was made off this book.

Chapter 1-Why does the little candle burn?

Alone in the darkness, a little candle burn. He looks at himself curiously. ”Why do I burn? Why am I different?”

The little candle went to and fro on a tattered ship, burning all alone, his tender flame shone through the darkness, the path before him cold and stark. Alone he wandered the shivering decks, without purpose or aim he trekked and trekked. At last he reached the grand iron gate, a voice from beyond called him closer to fate. Captivated by an illuminated new world, he wonders what has brought the abandoned ship back to life…and what mysterious lights the way ahead.

Bathed in light, the barge came to life, as the little candle searched far and wide. Shimmering beams steered him along. As an ominous lighthouse burned ever so strong. As he gazes at the beacon in the distance, he makes a decision. If he could become as tall and beautiful, perhaps he too could illuminate the dark night. This darkened world began to glow, nearing the beacon into the unknown, safe with the light by his side, he approaches the ship, strange and dark noises fill the air, but the little candle pressed on.

The brave little candle marched aft to the rear surprisingly absent of all signs of fear. Forcefully turning the grand iron gate, he came closer and closer to turning his fate. The rudder failed to stop his quest, the lighthouse beyond is his heart's true test.

With the abandoned ship behind him, the little candle goes forth towards the lighthouse. An exotic land awaits up ahead, lush and full of wonders, but beware of the dangers that lie hidden in its beauty.

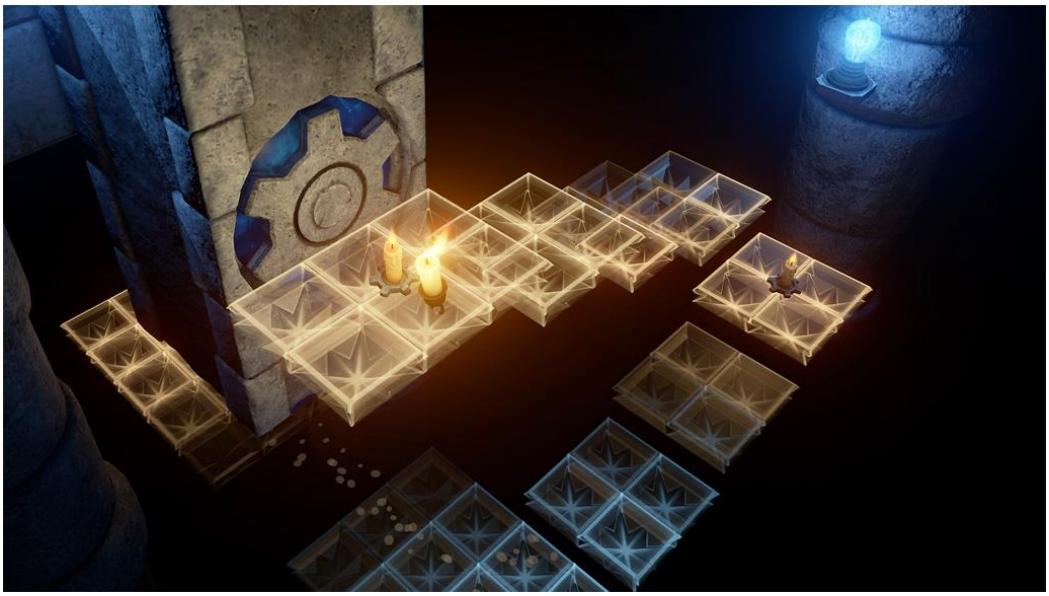
Children of the night glow in each stride the infantile mushrooms enchant and guide. The flower prick and bloom in flames, filled with beauty but far from tame. A vine-strewn path now appears, the little candle skips and cheers. An orchard hides beyond the vine, Only the fire can its fruits survive. The vines vanish into a tranquil sea. The distressed candle has lost his way to the waters. Suddenly a brilliant wave of ripples appears. Could this be the way?

Water weeds rise and dip, their paths once seen fade oh so quick. The rugged rocks, they trip and slide, spinning round the tide. Mysterious blue flowers emit their glows sailing into the night unknown. Beware the fruits that float at sea, their ripples disturb a tranquil peace. The woods became a friend no longer, the candle lives on as his will becomes stronger. Shrounded in deep woods is the entrance to the lighthouse.

Under the guidance of flowers, the little candle hurries forth, unable to stop because his destination is finally in sight.

Rosy bushes bloom in light, as tiny petals guide his flight. Fallen fruits clear the ends, once an enemy is now a friend. By ember's light, the groves revive, the candle's courage burns alive. Having defected the many obstacles in his path, the little candle at last reaches the lighthouse. But even he could not imagine what greater and more daunting tasks were yet to come. To the entrance of the lighthouse he asks," Lighthouse answer me! How can I burn like you?" But the darkness gave no response. Undeterred, the little candle determines to reach the top. Where he would shine just as bright and brilliant.

Massive stones they push with force, their stone facades show no remorse. The lighthouse appears bare and cold, dismayed, the candle feels all alone. His flame glows between tall pillars, a path is revealed in flames thar flicker. No hardship can break the candle's resolve, when darkness comes, his light evolves.



The threats and dangers grow, but the little candle shows no fear. He can see his light now, getting brighter and brighter, illuminating the dark in a blaze of splendor.

A blue glow emits from deep inside, the closer he gets, the bigger his pride. The shadows emerge from under his feet, these menacing shadows do not retreat. The road becomes a treacherous place, with deadly spikes that slow his pace. He runs in haste against the time, as little ghost haunt him from flame behind. By chance he uncovers the shadow's mask, escaping to meet his final task. Stumbling out of the cave the little candle catches a glimpse of the lighthouse, the beacon isn't far now, his efforts have almost paid off.

The beacon of light stretched majestic and high, as crystal cogs hoisted him to the sky. Dashing so fast towards the shimmering light, the candle burns strong in the darkness of night. Facing the tower, he casts off restraint, yet next to the beacon, his light is too faint "Can I shine like you now?" the little candle asks. The light went out in a whoosh. Could this be the chance? He resolves to burn as hard as he can and engulf the darkness in light. But no matter how hard he tries, his flame remains a small speak. The beacon appears again, silencing him into awe with its magnificent blaze. The lighthouse, who once guided him, now makes him cower with fear. The little candle's dream transforms into a hideous nightmare. The lighthouse is still massive and bright. His nightmare has faded, but the little candle sits powerless and without light.

His dream shattered; he falls deeper into the darkness. If he can't become a lighthouse, if he can't even light this dark night, what was his purpose? Why should he continue to burn?

Chapter 2- The lost light

Once again, the little candle finds himself trapped within darkness. Unable to become bright like the beacon, a sadness filled his heart. The once shattered light bulbs and discarded cogs, become perilous before his eyes. Frighting visions encircle the little candle, his nightmare deepens. Frightening glows appear in the dark, Unable to heal the wounds in his heart.

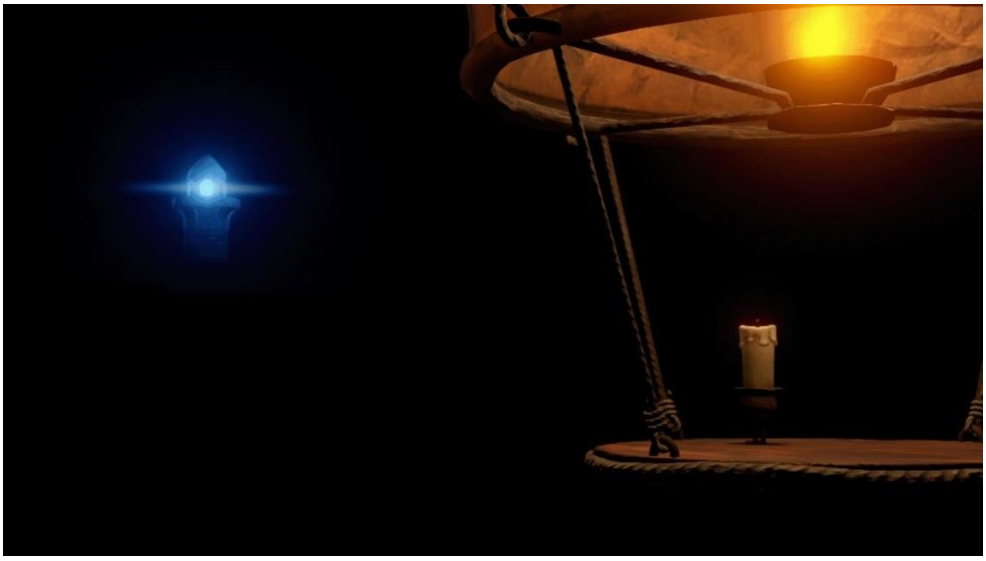
As phantoms roam and squirm, the candle dares not to burn. The little candle runs quick, unable to tell reality from myth. Being chased by the phantoms, the little candle fless for his life.

He runs and he runs, until the dreaded glow is out of sight, and the frightful whispers have gone quiet. But he could not find a way to escape, on the country, he falls astray furthermore. The endless darkness brings a chilling feeling of despair into the little candle's heart. It was just then that the answer came weakly from afar. The sound of hope is heard at last. Pursuing the calling, the little candle comes before a glowing light. A flickering light hidden within the darkness, was none other then the little candle's own. Despite being nowhere as bright as the lighthouse, he led the way for his ever so lost self. The little candle feels a new sense of comfort. As the sound of flowing water approaches from ahead. Could there be hope?

Flames defrost the icy snow, warmed by the light of the candle's glow. On river lights without despair, the little candle sets out elsewhere. Despite not being as grand as the light house, the little candle brings warmth through the frigid cold, melting away at the frost and ice. The little candle rides the river lantern to the edge of the shore. Raising his head, he gazes at the bright light within the mouth of the abyss. Maybe, just maybe, he could finally leave. The cavern entrance lies ahead, sparks of fire ignite his stead.

Fire crackers on which the candle flies, a blissful flame against cliffs so high. Flowers of fire lead him up to the heights, The next saga revealed in fierce candlelight. Despite not being able to illuminate the dark black night as the lighthouse once had, the little candle brings flames to life, igniting flowers of fire,

blossoming into bloom. The way out lies just ahead. His fire is full of that long-lost hope. A wonder unveils as the lantern drifts past, Below the light house, the candle's light is cast. The flying lantern drifts out of the cave, rising higher and higher. The little candle sees bright lights in the night sky. Floating lanterns in the darkness, what a beautiful sight.



In the distance, illumination of the lighthouse appears once more. The tower of light shines in the dark night and stands as daunting and brilliant as ever before. But the little candle makes a new discovery. Below is the path which he once travelled, Despite the weak glow of candle lights, which can not illuminate the night sky. The fire shine and spread into the distance, silently guiding the way through darkness. Little candle is no longer troubled by his thought of becoming the lighthouse. He burns with all his heart. And the flying lantern rises on into the distance.